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London, 17th. Jan'y. 1839. Thursday evening.

My last letter to you was written at Durban, and placed (including 5 sheets of Journal, 1 sheet to Dr. S. & a letter home) in the hands of Prof. Johnston, to be forwarded to you through Mr. Fox who was to sail in a few days for New York. This is dated you see at this Modern Babylon, where I arrived about 9 o'clock last evening, but too much jaded to write up my account of my movements up to this place. I stopped at the "White Boar, Coventry St., Bicciarie," had a quiet night's sleep; rose early this morning, and had breakfasted and was on my way to S. Booth's (24 Gower St.) before 10 o'clock. I found Dr. B. at home, was kindly received and was introduced to his wife, mother, children, and a brother from Boston who is now with him: spent an hour or two with him; heard that Hooker was in town. Though not a public day went to the British Museum; enquired for Brown (Mr. Brown; for he does not like to be called Dr.) and was so fortunate as to find not only the man himself I was so anxious to set eyes on; but also Hooker, Joseph Hooker, Bennett & Mr. Richardson. Passed an hour or two. Brown invited Hooker & myself to breakfast with him on Saturday morning; went out with Hooker, first to the Linnean Society, introduced to David Don, a stout Scotchman and looked through the rooms of the Society. Don offered to give me every possible facility in my pursuits; but of course I said nothing to him about Pursh's herbarium at Lambert's, of which he was formerly curator; for since he married Lambert's housekeeper, or Cook, I forget which, Lambert will not allow him to come into the house. From here Hooker took me (stopping by the way at Philip's one of the most eminent painter's whose gallery we saw) to the House of old Lambert himself; the queerest old mortal I ever set eyes on. But Caesar's description of the man was so accurate that I should have known him anywhere. I was of course invited to breakfast with him ~~any morning~~
at nine; he showed us his Cacti stuffed with Plaster of Paris, among others a very curious one called the Muff-Cactus, which really looks just like a ladies' muff and is not much smaller. Lambert's specimens are the only ones known, and he gave for them something like an hundred guineas. The old goose. A woman has the care of his collections in place of Don. She stuffs the Cacti, and seems quite as enthusiastic as old Lambert himself. We went next to the Horticultural Society's rooms in Regent St., in hopes to find Mr. Bentham; but instead we

met Lindley, who received us very politely; he asked me to send me his address the moment I was settled in lodgings. I shall let him take the lead, and shall not object to the acquaintance if he desires to extend it, but shall not seek it, as Lindley seems a rather difficult person to deal with. Here I parted from Hooker for the present, declining an invitation to join him at the dinner of the Royal Society's Club, for which I was afterward almost sorry, as I should have met there Hallam, the historian, and some other distinguished man, (as also Brown, whose peculiar dry wit is said to have abounded greatly.) Hooker seems as anxious to serve me and aid me here in London, as at his own home. He is the most noble man I ever knew. Hence I took a cab, and drove into ~~town~~ the city, through Temple-Bar, down Fleet Street, drove round St Paul's, to the office of Baring, Brothers & Co., who are to be my bankers (and to whom my letters have now been addressed) — thence to the office of Wiley & Putnam in Paternoster row. — did not see Mr. Wiley but learned that the copies of our Flora had not arrived (which I am very sorry for, and don't know how to account for it) — called at O. Reichenbach's, but found no letters which was a sad disappointment indeed. — thence back here to dinner. At 8 o'clock went to Somerset House to attend a meeting of the Royal Society; where I again met Hooker & Dr. Richardson. Brown was also present for the first time in 8 years. Royle was in the chair, at which the botanists present sneered much, as they evidently think him too small a man to fill the seat occupied by Newton &c. I don't know that he happened to be one of the Vice-Presidents. I was introduced to him after the meeting as also to many others, J. C. Gray, who was very polite, gave me & Joseph Hooker tickets for Friday's lecture of tomorrow evening, invited me to dine with him tomorrow, &c &c — I was glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Criff (or Bliff) the Curator of the Hunterian Museum, the man who exposed Sir Edward Home, who invited us to come and see that Museum. While we were conversing, a gentleman whom Hooker did not at the time recognise, addressed us, and after some conversation with me asked me if I would like to be introduced to Sir Astley Cooper, and see his Museum. I answered of course that it would be a great gratification, when he introduced

himself as Bransby Cooper, the nephew of Sir Astley (of whom I have of course heard formerly not a little), gave me his address and Joseph Hooker and myself are to call on him on Monday next. I was introduced also to Dr. Royle, but saw not so much of him as I could wish. So you see I have met more distinguished men in one day than I might elsewhere meet with perhaps in a whole life. But I must break off. I am engaged to breakfast in the morning with Hooker, to meet also Dr. Richardson.

I must not forget, by the way, to tell how I came to London; but I must make my story from Durham (from which place my last packet was despatched to York) and London extremely brief. I arrived as you know, at Durham on Saturday evening last; attended the Cathedral service in the morning of Sunday; very fine Cathedral, the finest in North of England excepting that of York, moderate sermon by Archdeacon Thorpe, the President of Durham University; but the Cathedral service does not seem to me, as I supposed it would, peculiarly solemn. In the evening heard a good sermon from Dr. Gilley, d. of the Prebendaries of the Cathedral, in one of the Parish churches. He is I believe a truly evangelical Preacher, and is known to the religious public by his Histories of the Waldenses. Spent Monday with Prof. Johnston in his Laboratory, witnessing the process of some analyses of Resins &c, in which he is now much engaged. Also went through the old Castle, now used for the University, dined with Prof. — at 4 o'clock, returned to hotel and wrote between 6 & 8 o'clock, closed my packet to send by Mr. Fox, left in Prof. J.'s hand, took my tea with him, and he accompanied me at 8 past 9 to the Coach office, whence I took coach for Lead.

I have little to say about Durham University. Promising as it is in some respects, because they have adopted the Monkish system of Oxford & Cambridge to the fullest extent; the Prof. & Tutors (except Johnston) are all clergymen; the curriculum includes nothing but Classics, a little Mathematics & less logic, their Professor of Natural Philosophy never lectures; they give their Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy & Geology just 50 pounds a year (nothing for his experiments) and require no one to attend his lectures. I can't express to you the profound contempt I feel for the English University system of education; but the influence of Edinburgh, the London University &c. is making itself felt, and will soon much more. I had higher hopes of Durham; but I did not remember into what hands it had fallen.

I rode all night, arrived at Leeds in time for breakfast, - a dirty English manufacturing town, like the others of that genus, did not stay to deliver the letters I was supplied with, but left in 2 or 4 hours for Manchester, we crossed a mountain range, which made the ride tedious, and arrived in Manchester early in the evening. After dinner I took a cab and rode up to Mr. Ashurst's, a fellow-passenger; and from him, and a late newspaper learned many additional particulars respecting the loss of the Pennsylvania, and poor Capt. Smittle &c. You will learn all the particulars of this mournful event from the papers of the day in New York. I was pained to learn that one of the lost passengers was Mr. Barron, of New York who came out with us. But there is the great satisfaction in his case of knowing that he was a truly and devotedly pious man. I saw a good deal of him during the voyage, and formed the highest opinion of his piety and excellence. The steward, I learn, escaped; the 2nd & 3rd stewards were lost, having died during the night from cold & exposure. The stewardess was saved. A young lad, whom we were much pleased with; a fine little sailor, - was washed overboard about the same time as Capt. Smittle.

Left Manchester at 9th past noon moving for Birrington - arriving at 12 (slow) I looked about the town for 3 hours - looked at manufacturers; bought for you an ivory card-case in place of the one which was lost in the Pennsylvania. - left at 3 o'clock for London, where I arrived, after a rapid ride, in a very comfortable ride at 9, as I have already said. There are many particulars I would like to mention but I am too much fatigued and time is wanting.

I was too anxious to go soon to London to turn aside for York, though I certainly was sorry not to see York more. It would have kept me back nearly two days longer, and I was growing impatient. I shall see larger and finer if I get to the Continent.

I believe I had written about New Castle, which I found more interesting than I had anticipated. The museum was fine, and I saw a fine collection of Roman altars and other antiquities made in the vicinity. The famous wall of Agricola crossed England very near New Castle, whence the name probably comes with Roman relics.

But my sheet is full. Good night.